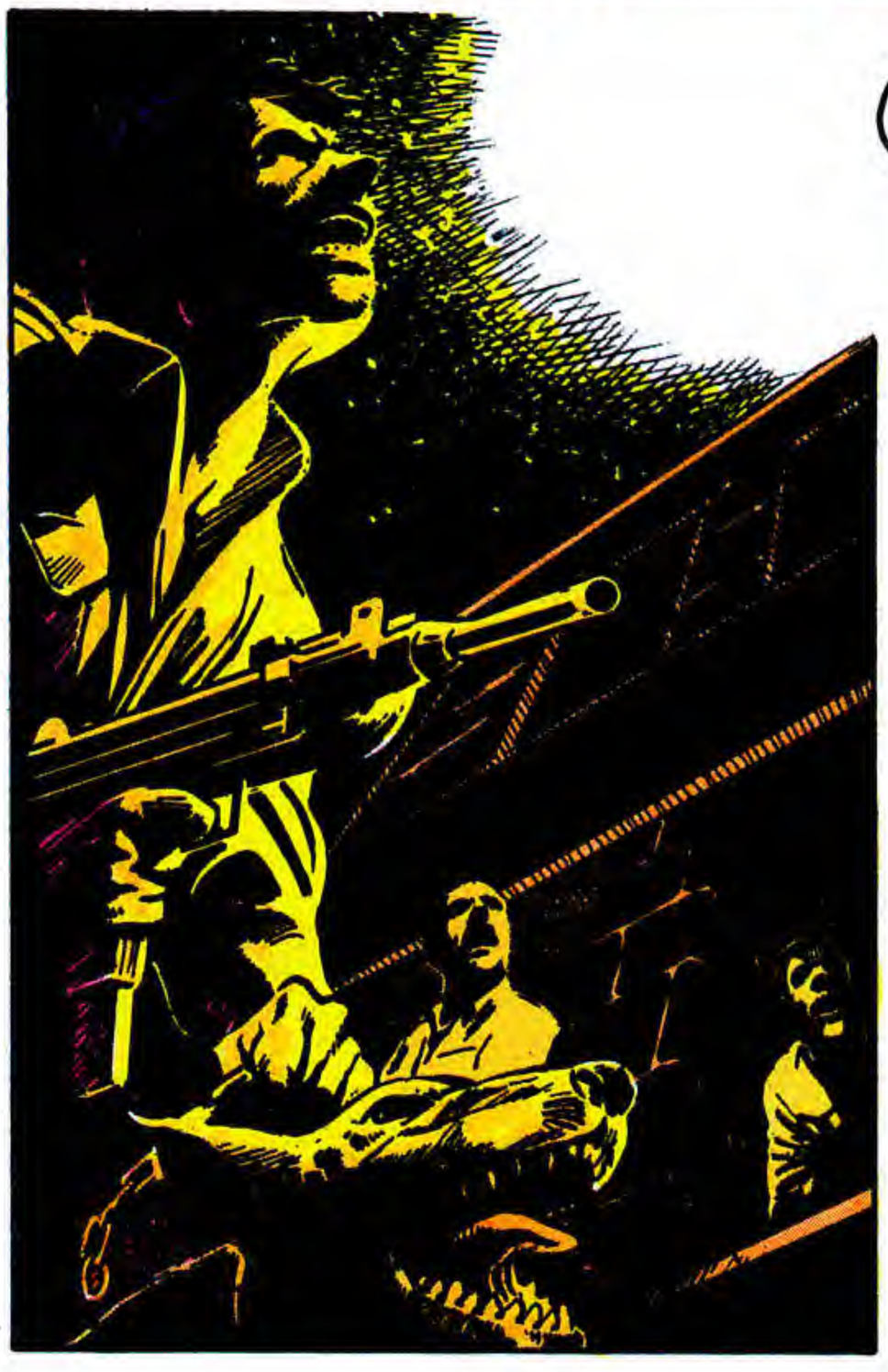
ECLIPSE COMICS™

MIRACLEMAN™

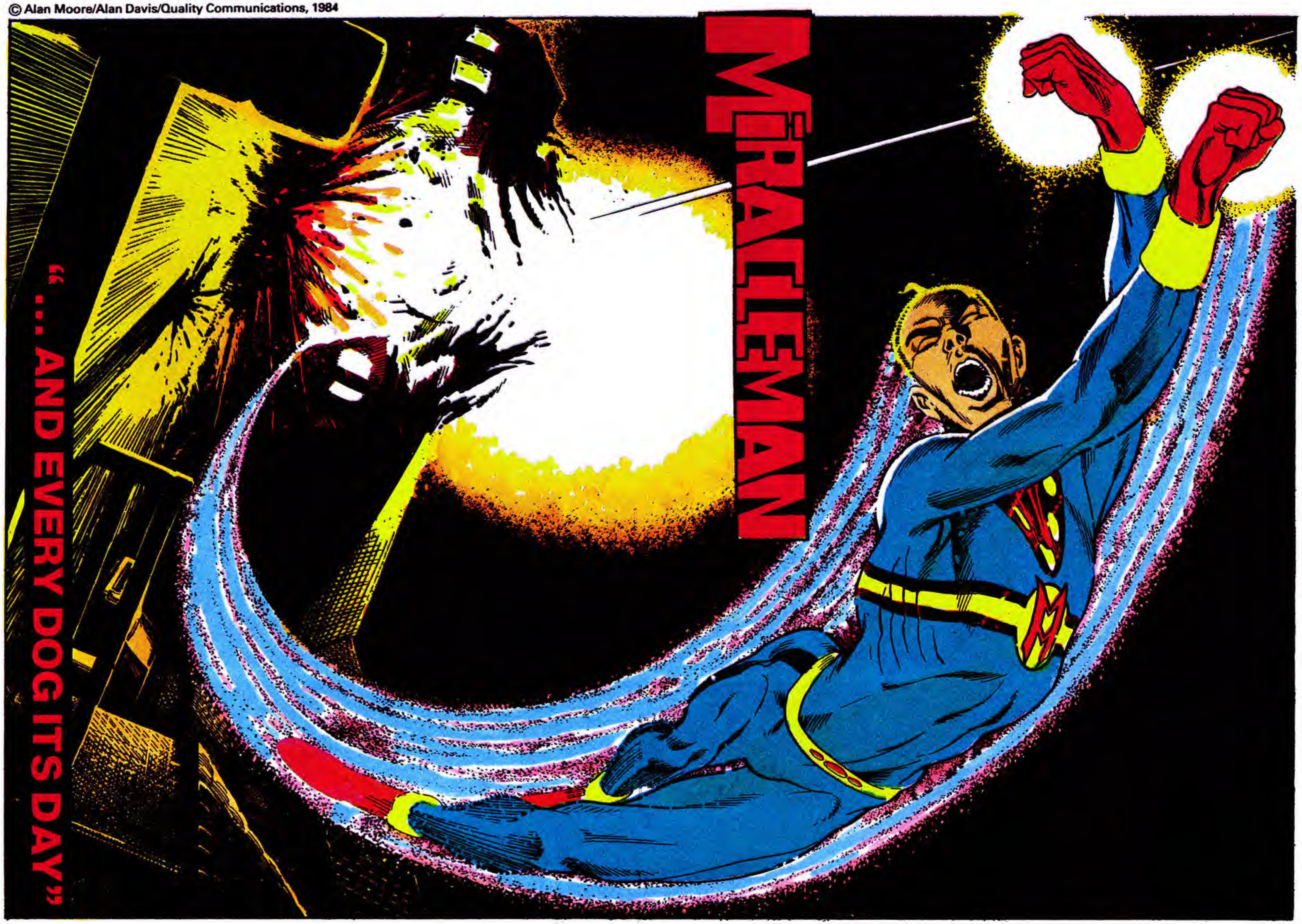
№6 95¢/ CAN. $1.25

# "...AND EVERY DOG ITS DAY!"



MRS. MORAN, PLEASE DO NOT BE ALARMED. I AM A FRIEND.
YOUR HUSBAND WILL BE ARRIVING SHORTLY...

© Alan Moore/Alan Davis/Quality Communications, 1984



"IT IS AS YOU SAID, HERR DOKTOR. HE IS HERE.

"HERR DOKTOR?"

"NO MATTER.

"BRING *PLUTO* TO ME, AND ALSO MY *TINTED SPECTACLES.*

"MMM?

"OH... FORGIVE ME GUNTER...

"I HAD FORGOTTEN JUST HOW *MAGNIFICENT...*

"WE MAY NOT HAVE MUCH TIME."

GARGUNZA...

I'VE COME TO KILL YOU.

NO.

HA, HA, HA, HA, HA!

NO YOU HAVEN'T.

QUITE THE ***REVERSE***, IN FACT.

ABRAXAS.

K-KIMOTA.

KIMOTA!

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME?

ISN'T IT **OBVIOUS**? I'VE USED A POST HYPNOTIC KEYWORD OF MY **OWN** TO OVER-RIDE YOUR TRIGGER MECHANISM.

A FAIL-SAFE THAT I THOUGHT TO INCLUDE AFTER A LITTLE INCIDENT IN 1961. YOU WOULDN'T REMEMBER...

CREAM?

THE EFFECTS ONLY LAST FOR AN **HOUR**...

CREEEEAM!

...BUT THEN, HE DOESN'T **HAVE** AN HOUR, DOES HE PLUTO?

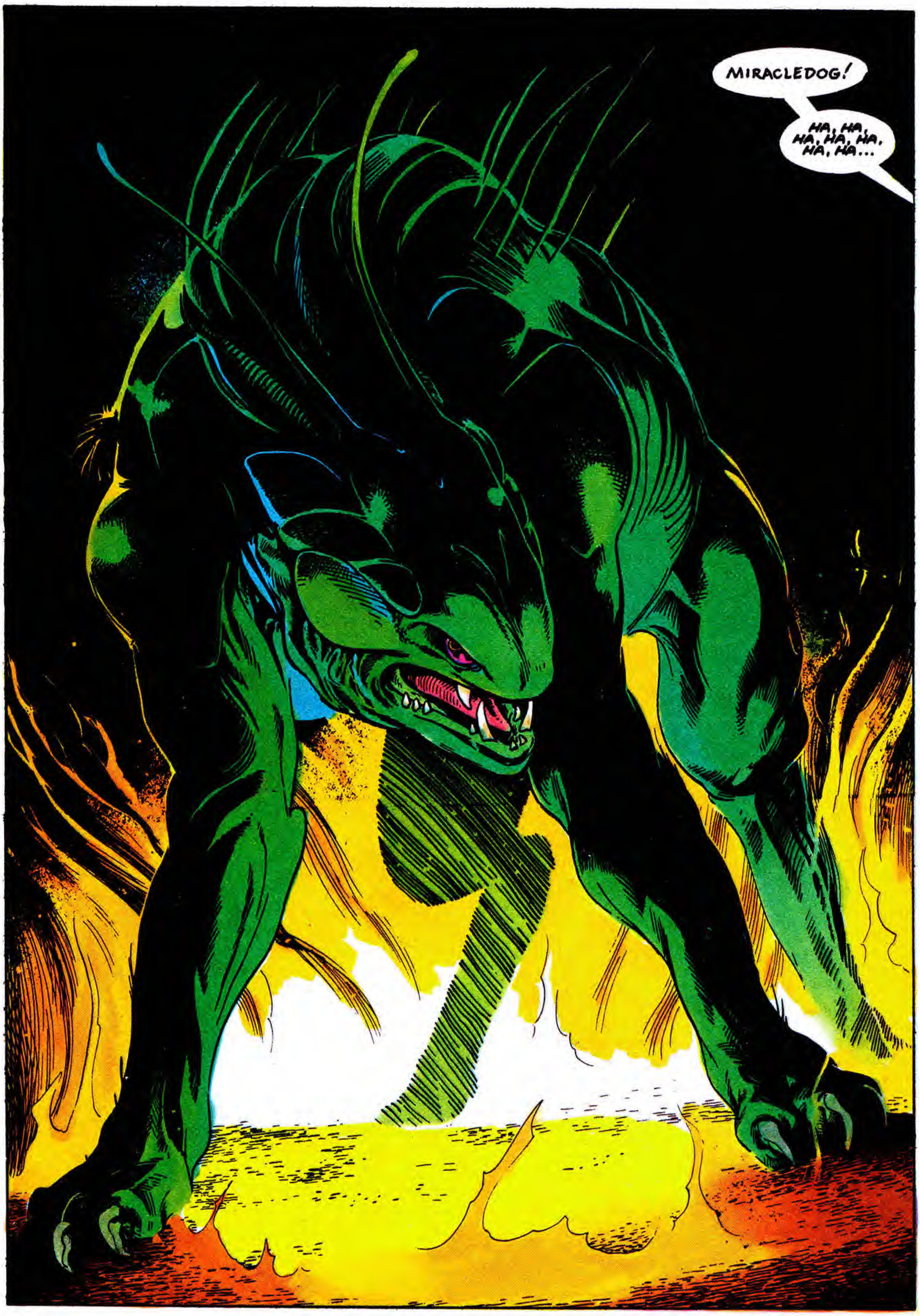
PLUTO? LISTEN CAREFULLY...

STEPPENWOLF.

THERE, MR. MORAN...

DO YOU **LIKE** HIM?

I GIVE YOU...


MIRACLEDOG!
HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA...

"I HAVE SO BIG A THING TO TELL. I HAVE A SECOND IN WHICH TO TELL IT.

"ONLY A SECOND...

"BUT IT IS A *LONG* SECOND...

...AND IT WILL SUFFICE."

*MIRACLEMAN?* WHERE *ARE* YOU? WE HEARD YOU CALL OUT AND...

OH.

I *TRIED* TO TELL YOU...THAT WASN'T *MIRACLEMAN'S* VOICE...

# All Heads Turn as the Hunt Goes By

...IT WAS *MIKE'S.*



ALAN MOORE·STORY CHUCK BECKUM·ART WAYNE TRUMAN·LETTERS RON COURTNEY·COLOURS

WHERE'S MIRACLEMAN?

WHERE IS HE?

GARGUNZA... USED A WORD TO TRIGGER THE CHANGE. EFFECTS LAST AN HOUR...

OH GOD, THAT CREATURE...

OH, COME NOW... SURELY THE DOG ISN'T THAT MUCH OF A SURPRISE?

WE ALWAYS EXPERIMENT UPON ANIMALS FIRST, DON'T WE?

INCIDENTALLY, GOOD EVENING, MR. CREAM. A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU...

...AND I AM GENUINELY SORRY THAT IT MUST BE SO BRIEF. I'M SURE WE WOULD HAVE FOUND MUCH TO TALK ABOUT.

MRS. MORAN, IF YOU'D STEP AWAY FROM THE GENTLEMEN NOW, PLEASE...

NO! OH GOD, MIKE...

I...I THINK IT WOULD BE BEST IF YOU DO AS HE SUGGESTS, MRS. MORAN.

LIZ, I...

LIZ... THE BABY...

YOU'VE GOT TO GO.

LIZ, I LOVE YOU...

THERE.

NOW... YOU WILL BE GIVEN THREE MINUTES START...

DR. GARGUNZA, THERE IS NO POINT TO THIS...

THERE IS *EVERY* POINT.

I HAVE FOLLOWED THIS COUPLE'S PROGRESS FOR ALMOST TWENTY YEARS, USING EMPLOYEES WITHIN YOUR COUNTRY.

I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR THEM TO PRODUCE A BABY.

THAT BABY IS THE KEY TO MY IMMORTALITY. TRULY, ALL I *EVER* WANTED FROM MIRACLEMAN WAS HIS *SEED*.

THAT SEED IS PLANTED.

HE HAS OUTLIVED HIS USE-FULNESS.

IT SEEMS HARSH, BUT THEN WE ARE ALL OF US PREPARED TO COMMIT ATROCITY IN THE PURSUIT OF BEATIFICATION...

...IN OUR UNBEARABLE YEARNING FOR **POWER**.

I THINK YOU UNDERSTAND ME, MR. CREAM.

YES.

COME, MR. MORAN...

WE HAVE THREE MINUTES.

"AND I RAN FOR MY LIFE WITH A FALLEN GOD...

...AND FOR ONCE *HE* FOLLOWED *ME*.

"HE HAD FALLEN VERY FAR."

I'M TOO OLD... TOO FAT...

OH GOD, I'M GOING TO LET HIM DOWN...

I'M GOING TO BE KILLED, AND HE'LL DIE TOO, AND...

MR. MORAN...

LISTEN VERY CAREFULLY...

YOU ARE A FOOL.

YOU ARE A WEAKLING AND A COWARD...

BUT INSIDE YOU THERE IS A *GOD*. INSIDE YOU THERE IS *SOMEONE BETTER THAN US*... ...AND WHATEVER THE COST, YOU MUST *PROTECT* HIM.

TAKE THIS.

WE WILL SPLIT UP HERE. I DOUBT WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.

GOODBYE, MR. MORAN.

CREAM...

CREAM, I CUH... CAN'T RUN...

THEY'RE SPLITTING UP.

OFF YOU GO, PLUTO.

"FAR BEHIND ME I HEARD THE HAMMER OF PAWS, LOUD AS RITUAL DRUMS..."

"...AND THE JUNGLE DREAM YAWNED WITH DISLOCATED JAWS, SWALLOWING ME WHOLE.

"HOW HAD I COME HERE, TO THIS CARCASS-FOREST? WAS IT A THIRST FOR POWER ALONE THAT LED ME TO DRINK AT THIS TAINTED WELL?

"NO. NOT POWER ALONE.

"I WANTED THE *WHITE MIRACLE.*

"I WANTED TO TOUCH THE PALE GOD THAT THEY HAD BIRTHED IN THEIR MACHINERY.

"THE THING *THEY* HAD WHICH *WE* HAD NOT.

"AND THUS I REACHED OUT FOR THAT IVORY PROMISE, AS DID MY FATHER, AS DID HIS FATHER BEFORE HIM...

"...AND I LEARNED THAT THING WHICH I MUST TELL:

"THAT *WHITENESS* WHICH WE PURSUE THROUGH THE DARK TREES OF OUR INNER CONTINENT...

"IT IS NOT THE WHITENESS OF HOT STEEL, OR OF SANCTITY...

"IT IS THE WHITENESS OF *BONE.*

"IT IS DEATH.

"ONLY DEATH.

"THE GRAIL WE HAVE BEEN FOLLOWING IS FILLED WITH POISON WINE.

"AND ALL OUR FRANTIC SCRABBLINGS HAVE BEEN FOR THEIR AMUSEMENT...

"...AND FOR OUR DESTRUCTION.

"I SEE THAT NOW, FROM WITHIN THIS ELONGATED INSTANT.

"I SEE IT WITH A CLARITY THAT IS BOTH TERRIBLE...

"...AND FINAL.

"IT LEAPT THEN, ITS BREATH SLAMMING INTO MY FACE, A HOT AND RANCID WALL...

"AND THEN THERE WAS A MOVEMENT TOO FAST TO SEE, A PAIN TOO SWIFT TO EXPERIENCE...

"...AND ALL THAT WAS A SECOND AGO.

"WHERE AM I NOW? I FEEL...

"OH."

IT STARES.

IT LOWERS ITS HEAD.

IT SPITS.

PFUH PTUHH

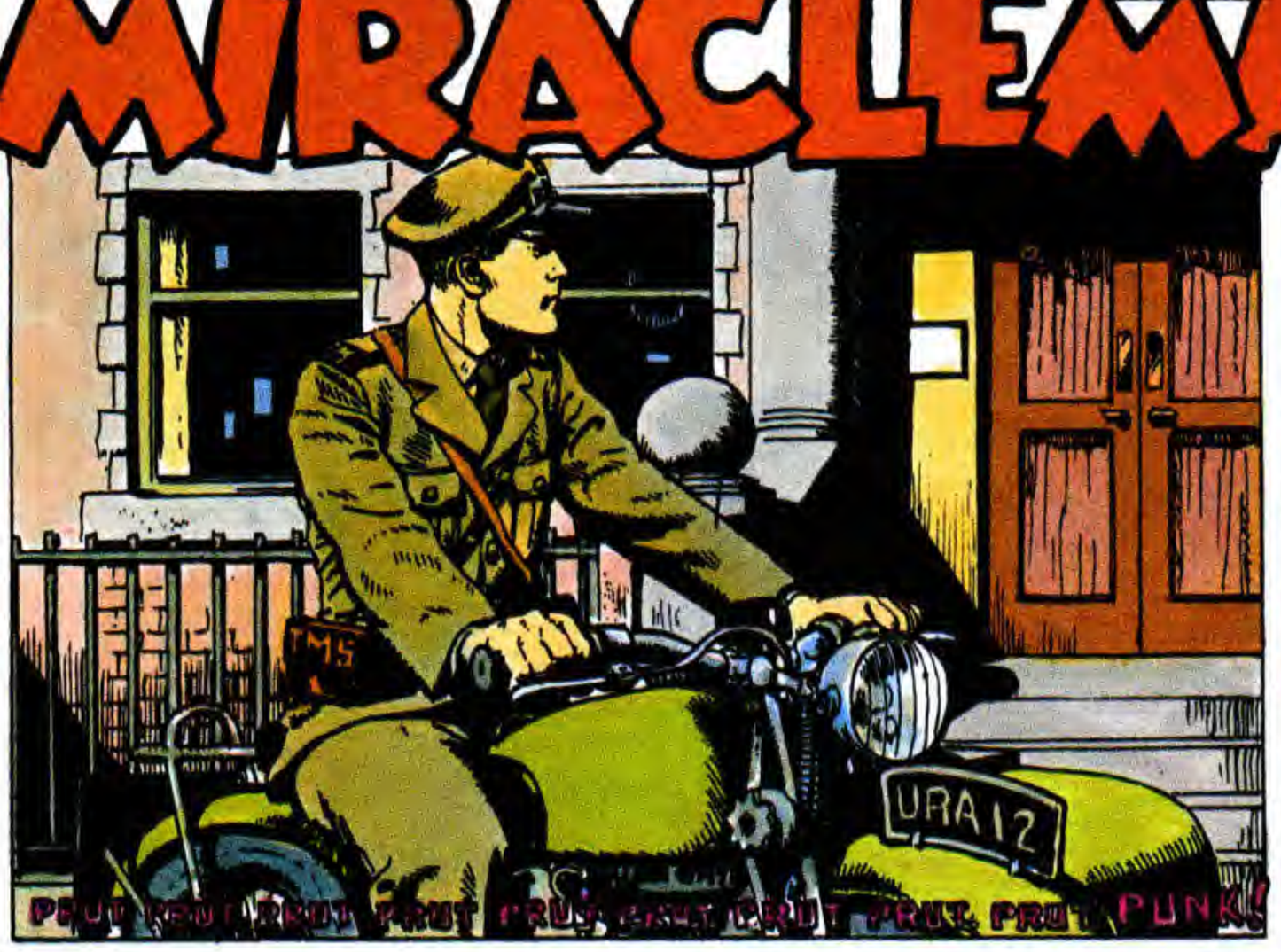
SPITS BLOOD.

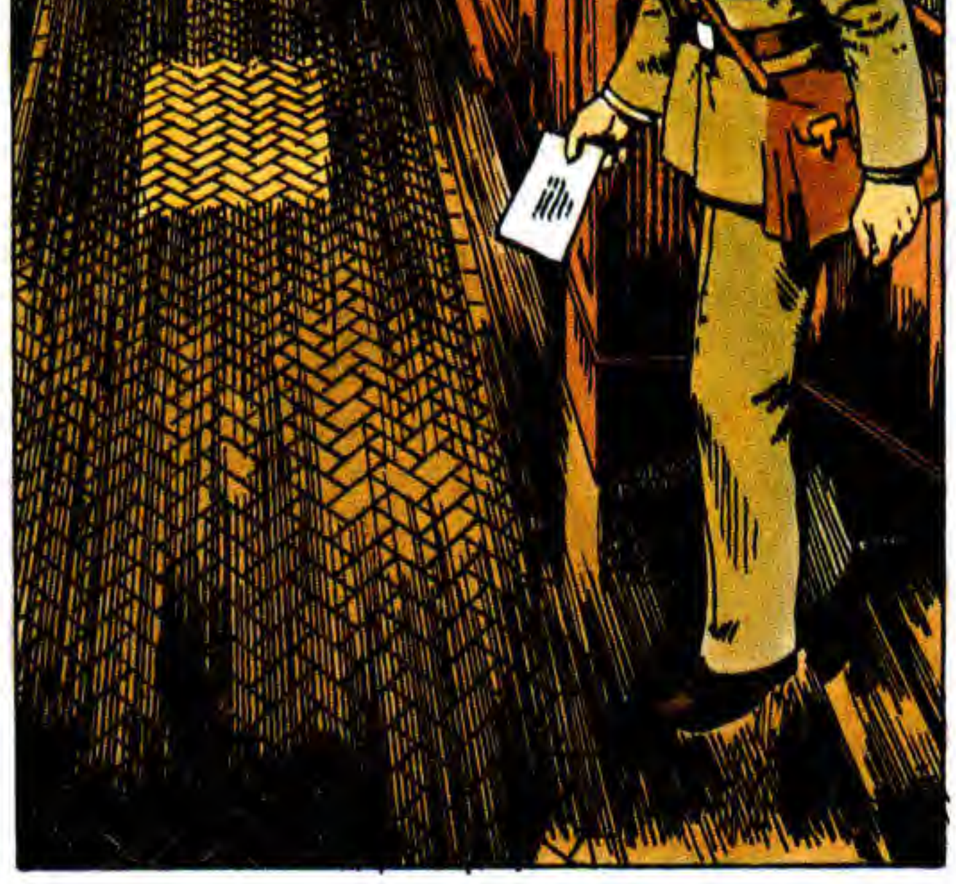
BLOOD AND SAPPHIRES.

TO BE CONTINUED--

1957:

# YOUNG MIRACLEMAN





© Alan Moore/John Ridgway/Quality Communications, 1983

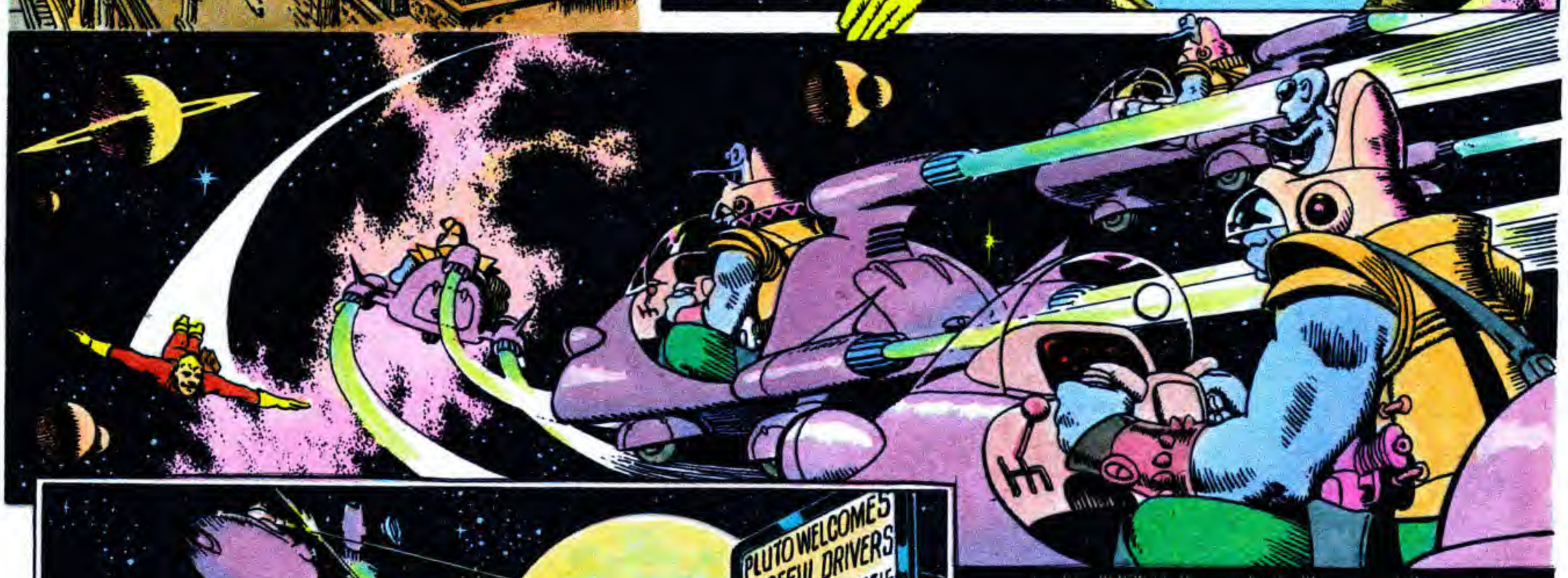
TIC
TAC
TA-TIC
TAC-TA-TIC
TIC-TAC
CHING!

CHIK CHEK CHIK CHEK CHIK CHEK CHIK CHEK CHIK CHEK

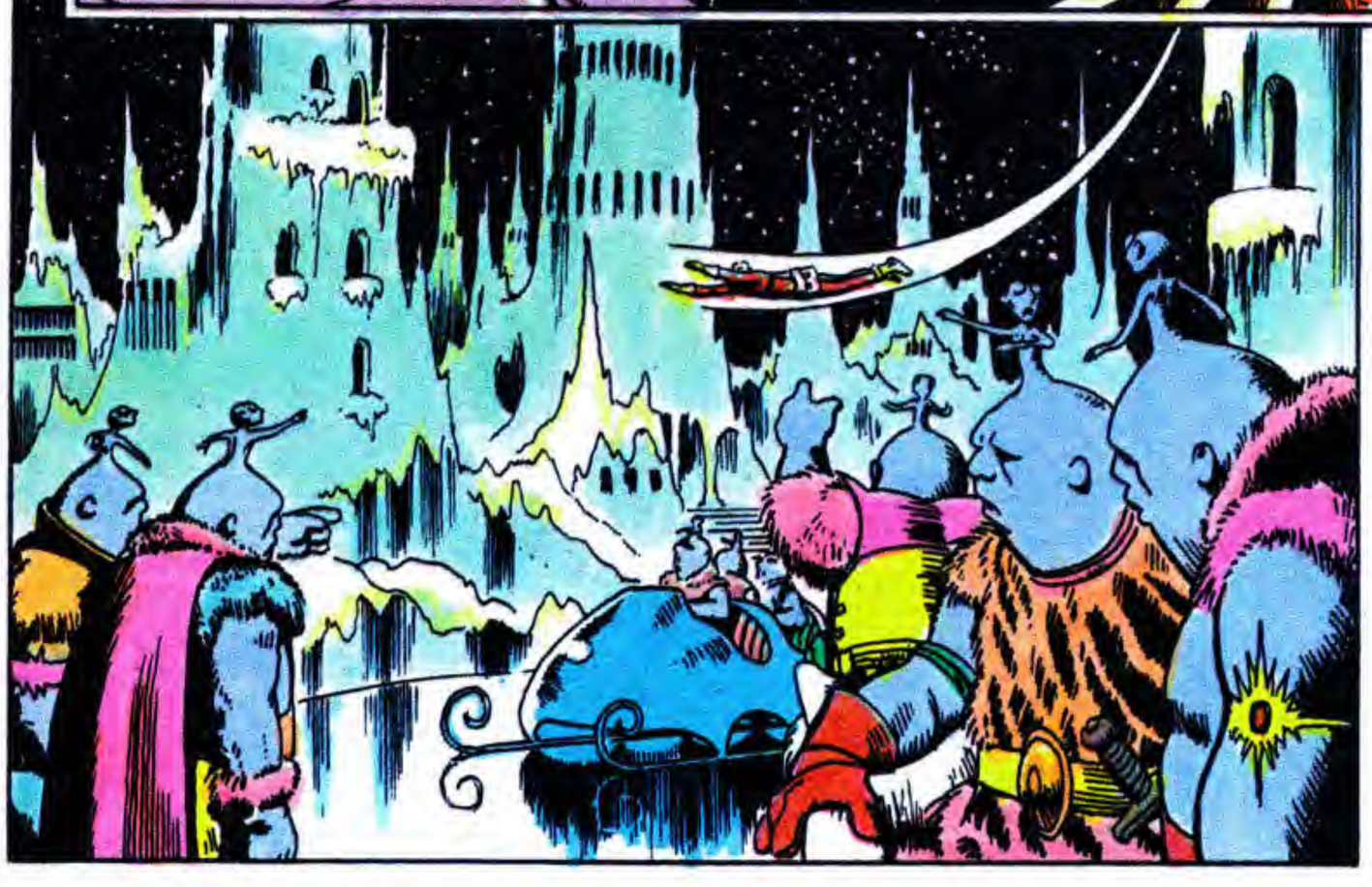
MIRACLEMAN!

WOOFF

BLEEP
BLEEP



PLUTO WELCOMES
CAREFUL DRIVERS



MIRACLEMAN!

WOOOOFFF

SKRAMM!

PR- PRUT

PRUT

PRUT PRUT PRUT! PRRRRRRRRR